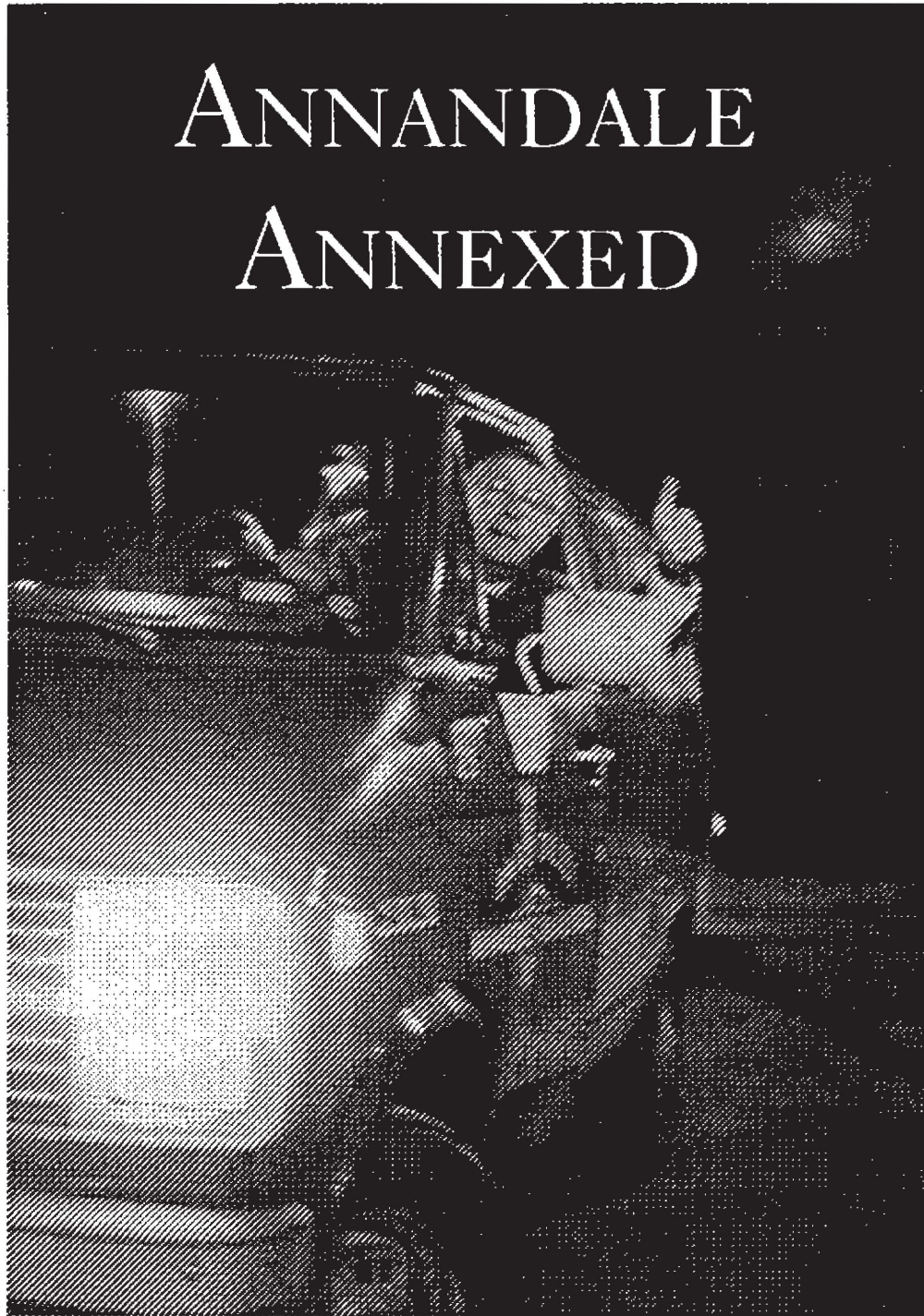


Volume 1 Number 4 • April 8th, 1991

# BARDVARK

*Bard's "Meanspirited" Periodical*

## ANNANDALE ANNEXED



Bard strongman Stuart Levine spearheads the pre-dawn invasion of Annandale, NY that disrupted the peace of the sleepy Hudson Valley and shocked the world.

## From the Ed.

We received a memo from the student life committee telling us that there will be a meeting of all club heads concerning campus safety. This is the second meeting of club heads this semester about something that has nothing at all to do with clubs. It seems that we, by applying for a budget, have become experts on all aspects of campus life. Why weren't these issues brought to the whole campus through some larger get together, such as a forum meeting (the forum is, by the way, Bard's student government)? It seems that there was insufficient time. Could it be that someone is trying to divert power from the Forum to a small self-selected group of people with their own agenda? Could be, but what's the difference?

The mailing requested, almost commanded, that we put up flyers around campus about security and sexual harassment. It also said that these flyers should approach these problems from our clubs particular viewpoint. Considering what *Bardvark's* particular viewpoint would be, we thought we might skip it, so that we might go on publishing.

While this semester does seem to have fallen a little short of last semester's bumper harvest in sexual harassment literature, there certainly hasn't been a shortage of security posters. The general thrust of these, which have been signed not only by the director of security and Shelly, both of whom are, at least theoretically, in charge of our safety, but also by Junior-Dean-For-A-Day Beth Frumpkin, whose job is totally unrelated, seems to be to use the buddy system and to stay off unlit paths at night. Now there's good advice. Of course it's completely the opposite of the advice given by Ludlow last year when they recommended using the path behind Stevenson at night because walking along Annandale Road is too dangerous. All things considered perhaps students would rather take their chances with oncoming cars.

Not all the security problems on campus are because of the administration, of course. Some of them are the responsibility of the students. Some of them are the students. Let's face it, there isn't a dorm on this campus that would stay locked if security tried to keep it secure. Look at Tewksbury. There isn't a weirdo in the area who couldn't walk into any dorm and wreak havoc. Look at the security officers themselves.

There is but a single way for us to keep this campus and its inhabitants safe from outsiders, barring any sort of effort on the part of students and administration, and that is for security to repeal the ban on firearms in dorm rooms. We wouldn't be safe from each other, but we'd be safe from everyone else.

# Bardvark

VOLUME 1, ISSUE No.4 • April 8<sup>th</sup>, 1991

"If you mention me in the  
*Bardvark* I'll kick your ass."  
-Kwami Reynolds

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# Letters to the Editors

Editors:  
I laughed until I realized you were talking about me.  
-Shelly Morgan  
Administrator

Editors:  
As Voltaire said, I may not agree with what you have to say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it. I saw that somewhere recently, but I forget where.  
-Leon Botstein  
That guy in the bow tie

Editors:  
I wear bow ties too.  
-John Pruitt  
Professor

Editors:  
I used to wear bow ties until my advisors told me to stop before the 1968 elections. They said it made me look shifty. I don't think I looked shifty.  
-Richard M. Nixon  
Future Cabinet Member

Editors:  
I'm glad all you college students have forgotten who I am.  
-Henry Kissenger  
War Criminal

Editors:  
I am so glad America kicked Iraq's butt. Now maybe he'll shut up for once. He's driving me crazy! All I can do is chew up his slippers.  
-Saddam  
Prof. Brahua's Cocker Spaniel

Editors:  
See we're funny too. We had a top ten list and a letter about being politically correct. Now won't you please go away.  
-Staff of *The Absurder*

Editors:  
This letter is not for publication! Please do not use it in you magazine. It is very important that it remain in the strictest confidence. Please, please, please.  
-A Committeeman  
Bard College Planning Committee

Editors:  
I will free the people of Annandale from the totalitarian aggression of Leon Botstein. We have no quarrel with the citizens of Bard, it is this madman who must be stopped. We will not rest until all UN resolutions are complied to and we can bring our boys home from the Hudson Valley. The bombing starts tomorrow.  
-George Bush  
Former Director of the CIA

Editors:  
I'd like to be the first to compare the war in Annandale with Viet Nam.  
-Milt Fish  
President, Students Against For

Editors:  
I'd like to be the first to give the war in Annandale a cute nickname. How about "Showdown in the Valley."  
-Wendy Fish  
President, Students For Against

Editors:  
This is the sound of war! This is the sight of war! This is the smell of War! These are the dogs of War! This is the Kline Commons of War! These are the dogs of War waiting for a handout outside of the Kline Commons of War!  
-Dan Rather  
CBS News  
Getting Excited Again

Editors:  
I would like to complain very strongly about these past few letters about the war. And I might point out that this letter is a total rip-off of Monty Python.  
-Arlo Guthrie  
Folk Musician

Editors:  
According to statistics I gathered for my senior projects almost 25% of all Bard students are on the verge of a homicidal outburst, which could be triggered at any moment by some one handing them a True/False questionnaire about their psychological condition, sexual desires or eating habits. Please publish this information so I can feel like my project wasn't a complete waste of time.  
-A Senior

Editors:  
According to my senior project many people suffer from loneliness or sadness at least part of the time. Other people masturbate too much. Go figure.  
-Another Senior

Editors:  
I don't think your magazine is very funny.  
-Jon Pinner  
Student

Editors:  
I was just reading over my old issues of *Bardvark* and I must say that I did laugh a lot. I don't think I've ever read anything as funny. You folk are truly brilliant. You are geniuses!  
-Edward Eigerman  
Impartial Observer, as it were

Editors:  
I had some funny jokes you could use. How about a story about some psychology students who accidentally brainwash one of the campus dogs so that it starts teaching classes? Or how about a story in which Leon gets really angry at a squirrel who steals his bow tie and chases it up a tree where he gets stuck and the fire department has to come and get him down? Or how about some stories about plankton? Feel free to use any of these.  
-Stuart Levine  
Doctor of Funk

Editors:  
No, no, no. I *am* dead.  
-Jim Morrison  
Greece

Editors:  
You're so clever at the *Bardvark*. So damn clever. How about leaving your brains to science. Soon.  
-A reader  
Ludlow

Editors:  
I read that fake letter from me in the last issue of your magazine. Please don't do that again.  
-Dimitri Papadimitrou  
Vowel Man

# Godzilla versus The Absurder

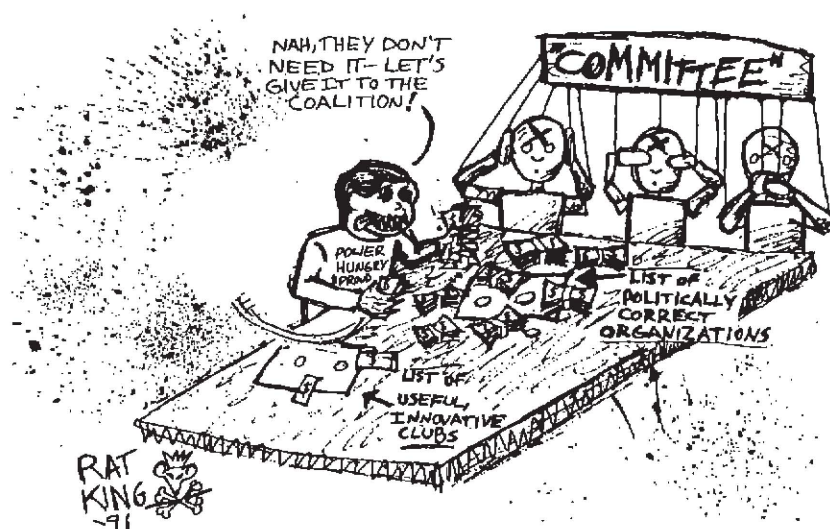
They're back. Once again the battle has been joined between certain overzealous forces in campus politics and *The Bard Absurder*. The battleground, once again, was an overlong, deliberately inconvenient budget ratification Forum.

This time the victory seems to have gone to the anti-Absurder coalition, as it were. They managed, through misleading statistics and personal invective to cut the obviously bloated Absurder budget and add to the obviously bloated budgets of other Bard mega-clubs.

This faction's attacks on our beloved campus paper are both visceral and persistent. Why do they hate *The Absurder* so? Obviously hostility towards the paper is understandable. It is a useless driveling rag devoid of merit, but why spend so much valuable energy hating it when the rest of us can dislike it quietly during dull moments?

On the surface the issues are clear. *The Absurder* budget is huge and they seem to spend the money on pages and pages of Spandex and Phish reviews and cheap American cars. But why spend so much time worrying about it when there are other clubs with huge budgets who do even less. Is there, perhaps, something else going on? We hesitate to suggest that there is, since it might lead some of our readers to infer some pettiness in those involved, but in the interest of truth and page filling journalism we investigated the matter briefly.

An interesting insight might be one of the many examples that these antiabsurders continually repeat to illustrate *The Absurder's* lack of quality. It's an interesting example because, wha'd'ya know, it involves directly one of the very people fighting so strongly to



get rid of *The Absurder*, who is also, this is where it really starts to get interesting, a member of the Planning Committee, whose name, for reasons that should become obvious, we will leave out of these pages, lest we should find ourselves under the kind of attack *The Absurder* now faces.

The story, as far as we have been able to piece together, is that the unnamed gentleman last year read something written by one of our numerous trustees in *Annandale* magazine, another bastion of journalistic quality on our happy shores, that he found particularly offensive. The statement basically suggested that sexual harassment and date rape were bad things that had been going on for a very long time and that the media would drop them both as soon as it got bored with them as it had done with so many other issues in the past. Of course looking around

now we can see how oh-so-wrong he was. If we hear about sexual harassment any less now it's only because we've solved that problem.

So it seems that this student was so incensed that he extracted the offending paragraph from his cherished issue of *Annandale* which, if he's anything like us, he would have preferred to preserve intact for his grandchildren, and posted it all over campus anonymously.

His anonymity is key to this issue. It seems our dear protagonist was terribly afraid of standing behind his actions. Nonetheless he felt no quom in taking full credit for the postings at a subsequent forum meeting which is, don't forget, though it may seem otherwise, open to everyone. When *The Absurder* contacted him about an article on the leaflet he asked them to not use his name.

They, of course, did. So now this student and his handlers are after *The Absurder*. They seem to be under the vague impression that stories as well as sources have the right to ask that their names be withheld. You see, if he really cared, John Gotti could have called up the *New York Times* and said, "Hey, listen, don't use my name, okay?"

But is that all? David Miller, who, as Central Committee Chairman, sits in on Planning Committee

Continued on next page

Hostility  
Towards the  
Paper is  
Understandable

Terribly  
Afraid of  
Standing  
Behind His  
Actions

Pages and  
Pages of  
Spandex and  
Phish Reviews  
and Cheap  
American  
Cars



meetings, has also chosen *The Absurder* as a target. He seemed particularly vehement at the special "Slam *The Absurder* because they bought a car" forum last semester. Perhaps because the purchase of a bus, which Mr. Miller had been trying to help negotiate for the Coalition for Choice had fallen through in the weeks before. Mr. Miller also as much as said that he felt that *The Absurder* did not represent the student body because it had, in the past, opposed the storm-trooper like tactics of the Coalition for Choice. To him, it seems, and it is important to

*He Asked  
Them Not To  
Use His  
Name.  
They, Of  
Course, Did*

note at this point that Miller is no longer president of the Coalition, if he was he couldn't hold his position on the Central Committee, it seems that to be against the Coalition in anything is to be against all the students of Bard.

Sources on the planning committee say that Miller was mercifully silent during the discussion of *The Absurder's* budget, allowing the unnamed one to argue in favor of reducing their allocation to \$1,000, just enough to make the payments on its loan to the Dean of Student's office. Some on the committee, though, felt that the active member may have been, and we quote, "acting on orders."

So the battle goes on. And, alas, *The Absurder* seems to be losing. As little quality as it represents it is our only newspaper. And if you think another would spring up to take its place if it were gone, you're deluding yourself. Ask yourself only why another hasn't sprung up already. If there were those out there who would and could replace *The Absurder* what are they waiting for? Who says we can only have one newspaper? But who has the skills and ability needed to start one up? Who has the wherewithal to publish? Who? The call goes out.

## SJB Reforms

Recent revelations that the Student Judiciary Board is a kangaroo court that denies students the basic human rights that a peasant could expect in pre-revolutionary Russia (trial by jury, the right to face your accusers, and not having to do anything involving Shelly Morgan) have lead to a series of reforms aimed at bringing the SJB into the twentieth century. The reforms include, though are not limited to, the following.

- No more mock executions. Though some may miss the poignancy of this particular symbolic punishment which was, one must admit, often extremely entertaining, most members of the community have complained that it is much too much like moderation.

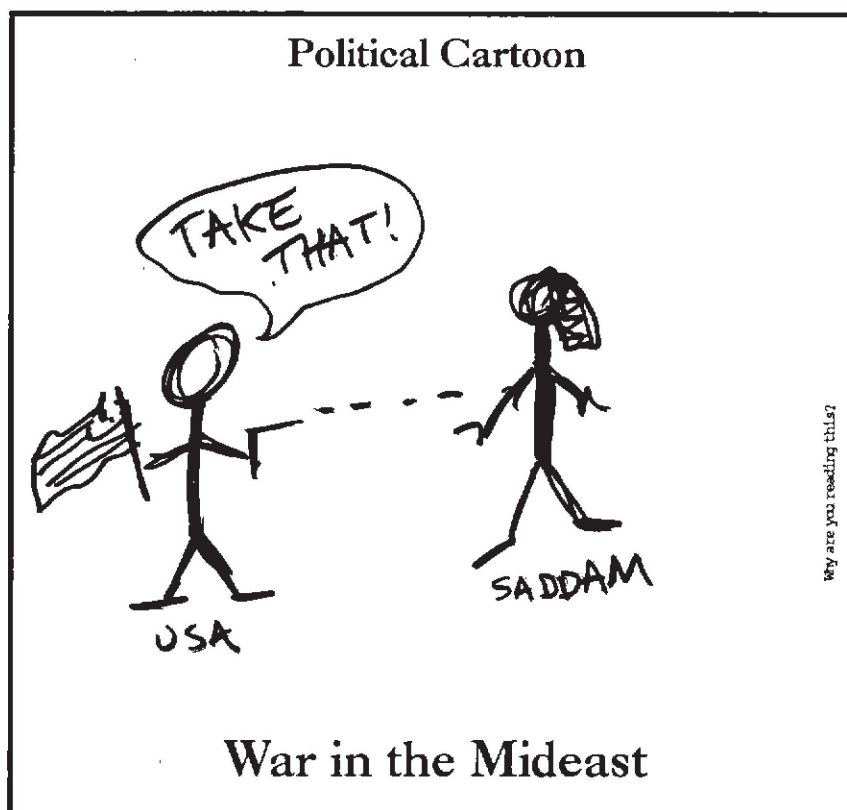
- SJB members will no longer wear black hoods. In the past many, accused and accuser alike, have complained that the hoods were "ominous", and "frightening" though the real reason for their removal maybe that some on the board said that the

garments were "awful hot and sweaty" and "hard to coordinate with".

- Shelly's opening speech to be shortened. The twenty minute lecture that used to open SJB hearings is to be shortened considerably. Removed will be references to the board's power to "bind and to loose" and statements to the effect of "cringe mortal, for we are the mighty and we are justice". Remaining, however will be Shelly's characteristic "Kawabunga Dudes!" that will still open all sessions.

- Trivia quiz eliminated. In the future the SJB plans to rely more heavily on the facts of the case and less on various tests they had set up, which included a twenty-five question trivia quiz and an obstacle course. Miniature golf will, however, still be part of the hearing procedure though, as Shelly puts it, "will no longer be a major consideration in determining guilt, except in cases of property damage."

- Donuts will no longer be served.



# Who is Beth Frumpkin?

We've all seen her. The small, soft spoken, good natured Sancho Panza to Shelly's towering Man of LaMancha. The robust sidekick of our dear, not in the least bit overly sensitive, dean. But who is she? What is the role of this woman, who, now that Papadimitrou has descended from his cloud speckled heights to address the people, may well be our most enigmatic administrator?

The nicest thing about Assistant Vice Dean of Students-in-training Beth Frumpkin is that, unlike the rest of the administration, who are, in general, a bunch of boot licking, lackluster, useless toadies who soak up exorbitant salaries that come straight out of our over-inflated tuition payments, her salary does not come out of our tuition payments. Better still it comes out of our tax payments. This can give us the warm feeling inside that, unlike Mrs. Tremper in the Bursar's office, for instance, not only are we paying Beth Frumpkin's salary, but so is everyone else in New York State.

Hemi-Dean Frumpkin's exact job description is not entirely clear. She arrived here, bright eyed and eager, at the beginning of last year as part of a government funded pilot program aimed, as far as anyone can tell, at reducing the spread of crack in our nation's larger cities. The program provided grants to cover her salary for two years, after which Bard would have the option of continuing her contract at their expense. Rather, we should say, at our expense.

Frumpkin was supposed to help us organize drug and alcohol awareness programs and, alas, help enforce all those campus alcohol rules that we had continued to be blissfully unaware of.

But somehow over the course of her short, but happy, tenure among the pleasant blooms in the Mid-Hudson Valley her position has altered. We can now see her signature,

real or metaphorical, on STD awareness posters, AIDS performance pieces, Sexual Harassment leaflets, and, most recently, campus safety postings. She attends PC meetings, she distributes non-drug or alcohol related funds, she's even been asked to be the administration liaison to the new student radio station.

Who is this woman that she has managed to rise to such a position of power in such a short time? All that can be said is, Shelly, watch your back. Not since MacBeth offed King Lear has anyone so clearly coveted the administrative position of another. Will she stop at nothing? Will she not be satisfied until the entire college is under her thumb? Watch out Shelly. Watch out Stu. Watch out Leon. Watch out Dimitri.

Despite all this back stabbing and power usurping, it's not her rise to the presidency that's finally thrown her into the spot light of student notice. She was, in fact, actually doing her own job for a change when she earned her new nickname, which we simply won't print. We don't use language like that.

It seems she's finally started on her plan to end underage, if not all, drinking at Bard. When she first arrived she was quoted as saying that she would like to go around to every party and take the drinks out of our hands, but that wasn't practical. But she's working on it. If she can't do it, she'll get try to get security to do it.

The issue isn't that she wants very much to make all sorts of important and very personal decisions for us, like whether to drink or not and whether or not we believe that healing can be done through the mystical

power of crystals. The issue isn't that the twenty-one year old drinking age is blatantly unconstitutional and an infringement of our rights. It isn't that this is supposedly a campus where we are given the freedom to destroy ourselves with chemicals and without the interference of administrators. The issue is that parties around here are no fun without beer. At least that's the issue for most students. Who doesn't get drunk before they go to the Student Center on Friday night?

Beth might tell you, and most statistics agree, that those of us who will become alcoholics are going to start doing so in the next few years. I suppose she thinks that if we have to drink alone in our rooms we'll be much better off. And, of course, there's always drunk driving, the mega-issue of the late eighties, which might well be reduced if the fact that there's no alcohol at parties meant that we were drinking any less. Which we're not.

What can we do? One must keep in mind that Beth Frumpkin, like Shelly Morgan, is surrounded by Peer Councilors, little helpers who give her nothing but encouragement. She's probably under the impression that the only people who really oppose her policies are alcoholics and cranky satirical magazines.

Let her know how you feel. Drop her a note. Be polite, but firm. Say something like, "I appreciate the effort, but go away." Something like that. There's always the chance that it'll work. And even if it doesn't you'll have the good feeling of knowing that you've made a well meaning, but overbearing, would-be foster parent unhappy. And take our word for it, making people unhappy is always worth the effort.

*Who is this woman that she has managed to rise to such a position of power in such a short time?*

*She has earned a new nickname, which we simply won't print. We don't use language like that.*



# Warning Signs

Friends at Bard can often lapse into difficult circumstances without your being aware of it. It's important to know the warning signs, so that before your friends become totally pathetic anti-social freaks you can do something about it — or at least refer them to the proper authorities. Hipness is not just yourself, *but who you are seen with*. And face it, it's easier to convert geeks than avoid them on a campus smaller than many public libraries.

## Ok

## Not Ok

### Appearance:

A ponytail. Even those few wispy annoying strands that have to be held by orthodontic rubber bands.

Farrah Fawcett type wings or anything that might cut it in rural American or at a Metalica concert.

A baseball hat (remember to turn it around! No points for team insignia.)

A beanie, a fez, or a white Kline workers hat.

Torn, ripped, shredded( in all the right places) jeans.

Corduroys, *crisp* cotton chinos, or neatly kept anything.

### Politics:

Socialism, communism, or general liberality (we all should shore but keep your hands off my parents money... But burn yuppie scum.)

Reganomics, the Stock Exchange, saving money, working hard (for money), working with your hands.

### Entertainment:

Watches *The Simpsons*, *The Nightly News*, and *In Living Color*.

Watches *Beverly 90201*, *21 Jump St.*, *Thirty Something*, or *Arseneo*.

### Academics:

Studies Art, art, art, literature (borderline), or film, film, film.

Studies anything with any real world application, like math or science. Particularly dangerous is anything that might lead to getting a job.

### Socialization:

Believes that Bard sucks in every way.

Believes that he or she was lucky to get into Bard.

Loves to go to parties wearing bell bottoms and listen to bad seventies music because it's funny.

Loves to go to parties wearing bell bottoms and listen to bad seventies music because they actually like it.

Drinks to excess on a regular basis.

Stays sober for weeks on end.

Smokes all the time.

Smokes only in places where it's permitted and, even then, asks those around if they mind.

If a friend of yours seems to have one or, even, more than one of the "Not Ok" warning signs then try to get them to seek help immediately. Failing that let the Health Service know immediately so that they can be forced to seek help. Remember, you won't be doing anyone a favor by allowing them to be uncool. Early treatment can be the only cure for those who might otherwise spend the rest of their lives being "different".

## BUSINESS

You hold in your hands the fourth issue of *Bardvark*. This undoubtedly fills you with a unrivaled feeling of awe. A little math, which, if you are like the average Bard student, is about as much as you'd like to do, will quickly reveal that this means there were three issues before this one. There are copies of all three available, though not for free. To cover our copying costs please send half a dollar for each copy of each one that you want. Hopefully this will mean that no one will actually send for any, on second thought it sounds like a lot of work to carry them over to the Old Gym and all that. If you want your parents or someone else you don't really like to be put on our mailing list, which will guarantee them a copy of every issue with roughly the same promptness with which you are sent your grades, please send their name and address to us along with some money. There is going to be one more issue, at least, this semester along with some other stuff we're working on. Next semester there will probably be three or four, unless we manage to get ourselves into enough trouble that our funding is cut once and for all. This is our ultimate goal. We will be excepting submissions constantly until that long awaited Nirvanian point when we can close down shop in a huff of self-righteous indignation and return to our studies. We want things that are funny and about Bard. We get a lot of things which are one but not the other. If you want your submissions returned let us know. Otherwise we'll just file them in the hopes that spending time in a dark drawer will make them more acceptable. If you might be interested in doing non-editorial non-writing work, let us know. There won't be anything for you to do, but let us know anyway. If you have a complaint to make about the inappropriateness of some joke we made, don't bother. We don't apologize and you should probably just lighten up anyway.

Bardvark  
Box 635

April 8, 1991

The following two items were submitted to us by Beth Frumpkin's office and Barnes and Nobles respectively. We hope that both will improve the quality of your life here. Frumpkin's office would like to add that all sexual consent forms must be submitted no later than three working days before any act is to take place.

## Sexual Consent Form

We, the undersigned, do hereby consent to perform intimate acts listed below for up to \_\_\_\_ minutes/hours/days (circle one) on this the \_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_ (month) in the year 19\_\_ in room \_\_\_\_ of dorm \_\_\_\_ on the campus of Bard College. The following methods of birth control will be used: (Check all that apply) ☐ Condoms ☐ Birth control pill ☐ Diaphragm ☐ Withdrawal ☐ Fear ☐ Impotence

All signees swear to sobriety and deny being under the influence of any mind altering substance.

This form must be signed before three witnesses, including at least one Peer Counselor, and copies submitted to the Sexual Harassment Board and Beth Frumpkin before intimate activities commence. A new form will have to be completed if there is any change in the plans outlined hereon.

Activities will include all or some of the following (check all that apply): ☐ Kissing ☐ French Kissing ☐ Fondling of the breasts above clothes ☐ Fondling of the breasts under clothes ☐ Fondling of the sexual apparatus above clothes ☐ Mutual masturbation ☐ Use of sex toys ☐ Intercourse, missionary position ☐ Intercourse, standing ☐ Watersports ☐ Anal sex ☐ Oral sex ☐ Other (please specify, use a separate sheet if necessary).

\_\_\_\_\_  
Participant #1

\_\_\_\_\_  
Participant #2

\_\_\_\_\_  
Participant #3 (optional)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Witness #1 (PC)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Witness #2

\_\_\_\_\_  
Witness #3

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